

THE LITERARY WORLD.

No. 319.

NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1853.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

EVERT A. & GEORGE L. DUVCKINCK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 109 NASSAU STREET.

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LITERATURE.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

OF THE COURT MINSTRELSY OF THE GERMAN MIDDLE AGES,
AND ITS HISTORICAL IMPORTANCE AND POSITION.*

THE German Quarterly, of a recent issue, presents us the results of some interesting researches into the mists of mediæval life, viewing it from that stand-point which lays open to us the picturesque days of the minstrel, troubadour, and knight-errant. In contemplating those times from the position we now occupy, and observing how exclusively a musical poetry entered into and gave a tone to the every-day avocations of life, we are led, by the comparison, to conclude that men, exchanging the coat-of-mail and the corset for the delicate drapery of our effeminate times, had, along with this mutation of outward semblance and action, imbibed the purely prosaic sentiments of our nature. By a closer analysis of ourselves, however, we can discover that the spirit of poesy, which engendered all the creations of a mediæval minstrelsy, reigns within us, and varies only from the poesy of those days, in springing from emotions, based upon outward actions and pursuits, in such striking contrast with the actions and pursuits of heroic ages.

In the poetical efforts of the writers of primitive ages, we meet with nothing but the bare transaction, detailed events, and external observation, forming the principle upon which the old class of the Epic is based, such as the Iliad and Odyssey. As the human mind emerges from the simplicity of heroic life, thought assumes the complex form; not only is the mere outward action dwelt upon, but the result of that action on the mind is detailed, and this gives rise to artistic poetry, as distinguished from the poetry of nature. The first direction given to the modern form of the Epopee was through the production of the monk, Otfrid. This attempt, though feeble in its poetical spirit, was the means of introducing a religious influence and of displacing the older national and traditional legend, by calling Christian imagery into play.

This species of poetical writing became, in time, very common, and a large portion of the clergy were addicted to it, not only adapting their themes to Christian ideas, but even assuming national stories as the bases of the Epic, and mingling the two forms together.

In this religious composition we can discover the origin of the Court minstrelsy, which first displayed itself about the end of the twelfth century. In connexion with the growing strength and importance of the clerical caste of those periods, the most remarkable phenomenon we behold is the profession of arms by a large class of men who, as satellites of feudal chiefs or surrounding extensive baronial estates, surrendered all their time and thoughts to spiritual devotion, military prowess, and the worship of female worth and beauty. This latter element of the knightly character does not, however, seem to have originated there where its exclusive sphere afterwards proved to be, but rather in the Christian poetry of a prior date, which always aimed at some personification on which to bestow its adoration, worship, and love.

This tendency of the earlier Epic was im-

bibed by the knight, swayed as he was by a clerical influence, colored the composition of his minstrelsy, and led him to combine a superhuman adoration with that of a human form.

The characteristic of the *Minne* consisted in an union of love, bravery, and loyalty; in directing the *Minne* to a spiritual end, the knight embarked in the adventurous enterprise of traversing distant realms, to rescue the Holy Land; and, whether engaged in this species of heroism or in the defence and rescue of beauty, he felt himself inspired by the same *Minne*, or inward love for and devotion to some object, either human or divine.

The song which such a subject produced was the *Minnesong*, and subsequently gave rise to the class known in history as the *Minnesenger*.

That devotion, of which woman formed so engrossing an object, had a very early origin among the old German races, and we can trace it back to the times and customs referred to by Tacitus, who tells us of the almost sacred veneration paid to the womanly virtues and attributes.

There were seers among them and personages endowed with the sacred gift of healing as well as magical powers.

Their taunts at manly cowardice or pusillanimity incited the warrior to feats of daring and intrepidity, approaching to rashness.

This trait in the ancient German races is visible in all those characteristic performances of knight errantry which we have placed before us, in such picturesque beauty, and in all those arrangements of feudal life, wherein we see the enthusiasm for female worth, inspiring the effusions of minstrelsy and conjuring up ideal forms of beauty and perfection in the imagination of the knight. During the mediæval times, the accomplishment of reading and writing was much more frequent among women than among men; and the merit of this is enhanced, when we consider that the acquisition of Latin was always an elementary preparation for writing. From this cause, the religious spirit of the age entered largely into the thoughts and occupations of women; whereas among men military prowess received the most engrossing attention. One of the earliest pilgrimages to the Holy Land took place under the guidance of a woman; and a certain Mother Ave, in the early part of the twelfth century, composed a life of Christ, with an appendix on the Last Day, derived from Latin sources. At the same time we must observe that, while the genius of man was directed to the almost exclusive exercise of arms and warlike pursuits, this was accompanied by an ideal, at which his ambition aimed, and in this ideal were concentrated the virtues and beauty of a female personification.

In raising up this ideality of personage within his mind, the knight found himself pursuing an object of the imagination, the worship of which was second only, in its claims, to those of a superhuman being; he dwelt within this species of devotion in all his solitary moments, in all the reverses that befel him, in all despondency of heart. It often happened, that the being who attracted and occupied his affections, was a real one; but this was not essential to the purposes of knightly devotion; for as often did it occur that he had never seen the personage under whose patronage, guidance, and protection, he achieved his deeds of bravery and gallantry.

Neither was the acquisition of the lady of his admiration included in his dreams of ambition, since the privilege of worshipping her and adoring her, in every hazardous enterprise, sufficed for his purposes. In her, the ideality of human beauty, perfection, and goodness dwelt.

That this peculiar profession sent forth numerous specimens of the Don Quixotte stamp, is not to be denied; the tendency of this form of society, however, was of a moral nature, and shows the position of woman from that time up to the present, in strong contrast with the standing she occupied in antiquity. It became the motto of every knight to nurture within his bosom the *minne* or love for a real or imaginary female personage, and we can discover in this element of the knightly character, an ingredient of refinement, to produce which, the religious bias of the times was not alone adequate. It was the infusion of this element into the manly disposition, that subdued the asperities of his nature, and fashioned him into that character in which history presents him before our eyes. This made him susceptible to all the finer impressions that assail his nature, awaken within him the tenderness of his manhood, which, though existing there, must have an object to draw it forth, and finally, as a grand result, gave rise to a species of poetical literature, which, being the first of a secular kind in Germany, was the first distinct species of a modern literature.

Of the various forms in which letters flourished prior to this epoch, we may enumerate the traditional song handed down from successive generations.

Poetical literature being deprived of those facilities and wanting those channels of communication and intercourse, which give it such an extended circulation in modern days, was conveyed to the ears and minds of the people by oral narrative and ballad, and was in the hands of tribes of wandering minstrels and story-tellers. These, recounting the deeds of heroes, fairy-tales, fables, the ordinary casualties of life, and momentary impressions, found a ready ingress to the popular heart, and were regarded as indispensable to the wants and requirements of social life, as our present literary arrangements are to us.

This class of men was generally accompanied by the mountebank and musician, whose entertaining feats made them the most welcome guests in every castle and feudal hall; the worthiest were found attentive listeners to the minstrel's rehearsals, and the subject and style of composition were so pleasingly selected and designed, as to render them the most captivating specimens of lyric song.

These remarks, however, apply only to minstrelsy; the literature of the age was in the hands of the clergy, who, representing its erudition, wrote in the Latin tongue, and when they exhibited their talents in poetry, it was recited in public, or at court. At the close of the twelfth century, or about the year 1170, French poetry found its way into Germany; it was cultivated by the knights, imitated, and soon gave them an aptness for that species of literary invention, which gained an ascendancy over the writings of the clergy and supplanted the influence of the latter by the introduction of a lyric, which became the ruling poetry of the courts.

This influence proceeded from the French provinces of Champagne, Hennegau, Brabant,

* Deutsche Vierteljahrsschrift. September, 1882.

and Flanders, where Knight-Errantry was then pursuing a brilliant career, both in deeds springing from the first Crusade and in the poetical rivalries to which this, among other causes, gave birth. The second Crusade brought the two nations into nearer alliance, and the adoption of French lyrical song was the consequence. Court minstrelsy, as a form of art, was first cultivated and fully developed in lower Germany. In the year 1170 Eilhard of Oberge, produced his *Tristan*, after a certain French work, and, subsequently, Henry of Veldecke his *Æneid*.

The younger race of poets acknowledged him as their master; and, through his influence, poetry was transplanted to the Thuringian court, about the year 1190, where a characteristic school was formed.

Here, within the Wartburg, from 1200 to 1216, might be seen assembled a galaxy of the brightest poets, gathered from the farthest limits of Germany.

Walther of the Vogelweide, whose name has come down to us as one of the most prominent of the Minnesänger, was an Austrian; he spent his poetical life within the atmosphere of the most distinguished courts, came to Eisenach in 1205, and thus describes in his verses the course of every day existence within the halls of the Wartburg:

"Should you some malady in ear or head perceive,
Thuringia's court then, trust me, you must leave:
For all who go will drown their senses there!
Within the whirling crowd I could no longer stay;
Gay troops are moving in and out all night and day;
How great the wonder that they still can hear!
Of mildest humor there a Landgrave lives,
Who all his substance to proud warriors gives,
That, like the wild boar, depredate his land.
For these high feats, no fame is ever lost;
And if each glass a thousand pounds should cost,
The well filled goblet for the knight would stand."

And speaking in praise of the Landgrave Hermann, whose hospitality is compared to perennial verdure, or the blossoms that never fade, whereas the generosity of many a feudal host depended upon the caprice of the hour, he sings:

"Their praise, once verdant, withering foliage shows,—
Thuringia's blossoms gleam amid the snows,
From spring to winter, smiles on all she throws!"

This picture could not be held up to mirror all the courts to which Walther resorted, and to no other could the encomium be strictly applied but to the Viennese court, where, basking in the rays of King Artus, life was whiled away in that listless ease and tranquil indolence which inspired all the earlier effusions of this favorite Minnesänger. In order that the Minnesong should receive its full development, it was essential that woman should occupy an isolated position, and we find this to be the case; for her relative social position was such, that in most castellated abodes, the ladies occupied a distinct residence from the men. It was not even usual for them to be present in the halls of the knights at the principal meals, and they were only accessible to their private female associates. In these places there was generally a large resort of youth of both sexes, and the female quarters were under ample surveillance.

In those courts, however, where life was

spent in a continual round of gayety, the ladies figured upon the scene more frequently. The knight, who composed his song in praise or honor of his lady sent his communication by a herald, who recited it before her, or presented it to her, with the help of written notes, that she might sing it.

A peculiar form of the amatory epistle consisted of a strip of parchment, written with fanciful ornaments, and when a herald was wanting to perform the mission, it was adroitly hooked to a clasp of the lady's robe. In all instances where the recitation was public, the character of the lady, who was the theme, was loudly proclaimed, her virtues and her beauty were sung, but her name was strictly withheld; nor was it permitted to inquire who she was.

All personal and local associations were as carefully eschewed, and these observances tended to impart a sacred character to the object of the minstrel's lay.

Court minstrelsy was adapted, both to recitation and the dance; in the former, the song was performed before a silent audience, without any musical accompaniment; in the latter, the violin was made use of. These dances were of various descriptions, and the poetry that accompanied them was as variously adapted to each peculiar form. The dance in courtly halls and palace was timed to the lyric of three strophes, whereas that exercised in spring and summer in the open air, under the shade of the linden, the performers' heads being adorned with wreaths, was led by the music and poetry of the two strophe lyric. The narratives, fables, and legends which formed the themes of poetry, were of such a construction, as to render them appropriate to a listening assembly and not to private reading.

The pieces were divided into suitable sections, which made them pleasant reading at tables, generally at the morning collation, or to a circle of chosen listeners in the open air, upon the greensward, while others amused themselves at separate diversions. In these features of a public representation and enjoyment of the ballad, the ancient national customs of the people are easily recognised; the present differing from the ancient form, inasmuch as its cultivation proceeded from the nobles, and its adaptation was confined almost exclusively to court and castle. In illustration of this, we have the case of Wolfram of Eschenbach, who was ignorant of reading and writing, and recited his works before the ladies, after the manner of the ancient minstrels, who proceeded from the humble ranks of the people, and addressed themselves orally to their hearers.

Hartmann of Aue, an Allemannic knight, composed his tale of Erec and Enite in the buoyancy of his youthful fancy. The death of the master whom he served filled him with grief, and marred the brightness of early life; he accordingly assumed the cross, and performed a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. At a maturer age, the results of his past experience and mental discipline were exhibited in his *Iwein*, a work of extreme tenderness, grace, and fine poetical discernment.

The production bespeaks for him all the intellectual gifts of a most accomplished knight, and may be regarded as a masterpiece of the times in which he flourished. Scarcely were his poetical energies on the wane, before a new poet appeared, in the person of Wolfram of Eschenbach, who

brought forward his *Parzival*. His character, disposition, and fortunes varied materially from those of Hartmann of Aue, inasmuch as he lived under no patron, was uneducated in youth, and reared to the use of the lance and shield, in the exercise of which he strove to win the smiles of the fair.

Poor in the possession of earthly goods, he made his penury an object of jest, and enjoyed the independent satisfaction, always incidental to native pride, of feeling that whatsoever he might be, in worldly estimation, he had earned for himself. United to the energies and impulses of an unbounded spirit, we find in him a depth and amplitude of observation and feeling, that originate wit and humor in all their exuberance, and irony that moves the heart and penetrates the understanding.

His *Parzival* is deemed a most remarkable production for the times out of which it emanated, and the uneducated mind which produced it, and is scarcely excelled, in interest or power of invention, by any other work of the German language. The great question forming the pivot upon which the psychological design of the story turns, the enigma of human existence,—the most momentous and the ultimate question of life,—is the identical inquiry which Dante pursued, as well as Goethe in his *Faust*. The work in question, if we search into its intrinsic merits, will be found to embody a deep conception, and deservedly rendered him the most remarkable phenomenon of his age. His two later productions, *Titarel* and *Willehalm*, were never brought to their finale; they were projected on an extensive scale, but death put an abrupt termination to the labors of Wolfram. In *Hartmann of Aue*, we recognise the fairest portraiture of a secular knight, while in *Wolfram*, we are struck with that religious bent which his order displayed, and which subsequently led to the establishment of a spiritual knighthood.

Gottfried, of Strasburg, presents a contrast to Wolfram in the gaiety and airiness of his character, though, at the same time, he possessed a thorough and accomplished education.

Sprung from a noble stock, he was reared amid the most glittering associations of feudal life, and surrounded by all the luxury of the nobility of the city and its environs. He also died before he had reached the maturity of life, but left behind him numerous works, among which may be named his *Tristan* and *Isolde*,—a romance of psychological tendency—and one of the first of that class, viewed as such in an exclusive sense.

In this work he evinces great talent in the dissection and delineation of all the secret springs and emotions of the soul, and in his descriptions he shows the facility, skill, and brilliancy of a master hand.

The fourth and last of these noted Minnesänger, was the poet from whom we have above quoted, Walther von der Vogelweide, who wrote lyrics only; but in him the gush of song was a perennial fountain that never evaporated to the latest years of his life.

His career was a chequered one, and its picture is seen reflected in all the outpourings of his lyre.

Like Hartmann of Aue, he spent a joyous life in his youth at the court of Vienna, the hours of existence passing off in cloudless pleasure, and in the fruition of those lyrical festivities which characterize the days of the Minnesong under duke Frederick.

The early death of his patron plunged him in grief, and induced him to leave the court, to wander from place to place, and to change his songs of gladness into those of melancholy and discontent. His lyre, however, when heard in tones of repentance and sorrow for the past, sends forth the most harmonious chords, and they are regarded as among the most beautiful effusions he has left us.

His maturer powers were dedicated to the portrayal of the good and the beautiful; his art was exercised to cheer the virtuous and castigate the vicious. No tone in the scale of the affections is left unsounded, and every note receives its finest and most expressive touch.

In the works of these four distinguished poets of that distant age, we discover not only the result of the Muse's labor, springing from the glad hours of life, but we also perceive the product of lives agitated by the deeper workings of the soul. Yet this step towards the formation of a high spiritual culture led to no permanent results, nor was the tendency of the species of poetry we have characterized, influential upon an approaching generation, which, even in the lifetime of Walther, began to show signs of moral degeneracy. Poets succeeded these illustrious ones, who descended to the task of irony and burlesque by parodizing court life in the representation of boorish scenes. These writers sprung up with the new changes in political forms, when knighthood surrendered to the general predominance of the spirit of civism and an extinction of the old privileges of feudalism.

As the course of revolution in social life proceeded, baronial halls were no longer enlivened by the lyric and the dance; the minstrel's voice was hushed, and the men of hardened souls and uncouth utterance thronged those precincts. That spirit of penetrating thought, however, which pervaded the pages of Wolfram and Walther, was never totally extinguished amidst the political engrossments that followed; it reappeared with the opening of schools of learning, and left its stamp upon every generation that has since succeeded those times.

J. H.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.*

THE MR. BROWN who discourses in this book on the topics of genteel company, of tailors and toilets, of love, marriage, men and women, is not the bustling and respectable individual of that name who is generally supposed to mix the elements of New York society, and who is alluded to in a recent much-talked-of article on "Our Worst Society," as the proprietor of a certain class of dead-heads, who may be had to order for a great entertainment with the spoons and glass. This is not the Mr. Brown who has taken upon himself the duties of a modern Chesterfield, but a gentleman of Cockaigne, who is as well informed of the habits of the bourgeoisie of London as any Mr. Brown can be of the luxury and loveliness of New York.

Mr. Brown of London is a sagacious, observant, gentleman, who has the good of the young men about town at heart, who has eaten a great many dinners, and seen a great

many balls, who is, withal, a highly cultivated philosopher whose wisdom does not, like most wise people's, ignore what everybody is doing and what everybody is talking about. It is a world of folly, says Mr. Brown, and it is better to be a wise fool than a stupid one. So Mr. Brown puffs his cigar, refreshes himself with the ornamented selfishness of his ancient friend Flaccus, and begins his discourse to the fast-inclining youth of London. Mr. Brown, who has given his sarcastic and unflinching views of the English people pretty generally to the world in his book, *à la Dean Swift*, on the Snobs, adopts a milder air in his Letters. There is the difference between the two books of writing after breakfast or talking after dinner: the head-ache of the former gives the reader the heart-ache; but with the last glass of Burgundy in the latter case, head-ache and heart-ache are yet in the distance. Mr. Brown is the most amiable Mentor in the world. People are said to have attributed his "Letters," when they first appeared in *Punch*, to Douglas Jerrold, but it was soon found that they possessed a bland humor which that writer may have it in his power to exhibit, but which he never does. Mr. Brown is, upon the whole, quite gentlemanly, an old beau sort of a drawing-room "foggy." He is in earnest, too, when he gives this sound advice

ON FEMALE SOCIETY.

"One of the great benefits a young man may derive from women's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend on it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves; we push for ourselves; we cut the best slices out of the joint at club-dinners for ourselves; we yawn for ourselves, and light our pipes, and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from women's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself—somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful. Certainly I don't want my dear Bob to associate with those of the other sex whom he doesn't and can't respect: that is worse than billiards; worse than tavern brandy-and-water; worse than smoking selfishness at home. But I vow I would rather see you turning over the leaves of Miss Fiddlecombe's music-book all night than at billiards, or smoking, or brandy-and-water, or all three."

We hear a great deal now-a-days of the iniquities of New York balls, the expense, frivolity, &c., and the crowding out of the "old folks at home." How do they manage these things in London? Mr. Brown's playful irony will tell you: exactly, apparently, on the New York plan.

OLD MALE AND FEMALE FOGIES.

"But though I don't go myself to these assemblies, I have intelligences amongst people who go; and hear from the girls and their mammas what they do, and how they enjoy themselves. I must own that some of the new arrangements please me very much as being natural and simple, and in so far, superior to the old mode.

"In my time, for instance, a ball-room used to be more than half-filled with old male and female fogies, whose persons took up a great deal of valuable room, who did not in the least ornament the walls against which they stood, and who would have been much better at home in bed. In a great country-house, where you have a hall fire-place in which an ox might be roasted conveniently, the presence of a few

score, more or less, of stout old folks can make no difference; there is room for them at the card-tables, and round the supper-board, and the sight of their honest red faces and white waistcoats lining the wall, cheers and illuminates the assembly room.

"But it is a very different case when you have a small house in Mayfair, or in the pleasant district of Pimlico and Tyburn; and accordingly I am happy to hear that the custom is rapidly spreading of asking none but dancing people to balls. It was only this morning that I was arguing the point with our cousin, Mrs. Crowder, who was greatly irate because her daughter, Fanny, had received an invitation to go with her aunt, Mrs. Timmins, to Lady Tutbury's ball, whereas, poor Mrs. Crowder had been told that she could on no account get a card.

"Now Blanche Crowder is a very large woman, naturally, and, with the present fashion of flounces in dress, this balloon of a creature would occupy the best part of a back drawing-room; whereas Rosa Timmins is a little bit of a thing, who takes up no space at all, and, indeed, furnishes the side of the room as prettily as a bank of flowers could. I tried to convince our cousin upon this point, this *embonpoint*, I may say; and, of course, being too polite to make remarks personal to Mrs. Crowder, I playfully directed them elsewhere.

"Dear Blanche," said I, "don't you see how greatly Lady Tutbury would have to extend her premises if all the relatives of all her dancers were to be invited? She has already flung out a marquee over the leads, and actually included the cistern—what can she do more? If all the girls were to have chaperons, where could the elders sit? Tutbury himself will not be present. He is a large and roomy man, like your humble servant, and Lady Tut has sent him off to Greenwich, or the Star and Garter, for the night, where, I have no doubt, he and some other stout fellows will make themselves comfortable. At a ball among persons of moderate means and large acquaintance in London, room is much more precious than almost anybody's company, except that of the beauties and the dancers. Look at Lord Trampleton, that enormous hulking monster (who, nevertheless, dances beautifully, as all big men do), when he takes out his favorite partner, Miss Wirledge, to polk, his arm, as he whisks her round and round, forms radii of a circle of very considerable diameter. He almost wants a room to himself. Young men and women now, when they dance, dance really; it is no lazy sauntering, as of old, but downright hard work—after which they want air and refreshment. How can they get the one, when the rooms are filled with elderly folks; or the other, when we are squeezing round the supper-tables, and drinking up all the available champagne and Seltzer water? No, no; the present plan, which I hear is becoming general, is admirable for London. Let there be a half-dozen of good, active, bright-eyed chaperons and duennas, little women, who are more active, and keep a better look-out than your languishing, voluptuous beauties? (I said this, casting at the same time a look of peculiar tenderness towards Blanche Crowder), 'let them keep watch, and see that all is right—that the young men don't dance too often with the same girl, or disappear on to the balcony, and that sort of thing; let them have good, large, roomy family coaches, to carry the young women home to their mammas. In a word, at a ball, let there be, for the future, no admittance, except upon business. In all the affairs of London life, that is the rule, depend upon it.'"

If we ever wish to meet Mr. Brown anywhere in print, in one place more than another, it is at the club or a dinner. This brief sketch is the thing itself:—

A CLUB OUT OF SEASON.

"Again, at the club, how many privileges does

* Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town; with the Proser, and other Papers. By W. M. Thackeray. Appleton's Popular Library.

a man, lingering in London, enjoy, from which he is precluded in the full season! Every man, in every club, has three or four special aversions:—men who somehow annoy him, as I have no doubt but that you and I, Bob, are hated by some particular man, and for that excellent reason for which the poet disliked Dr. Fell—the appearance of old Banquo, in the same place, in the same arm-chair, reading the newspaper, day after day and evening after evening; of Mr. Plodder, thronding among the coffee-room tables, and taking a note of every man's dinner; of old General Hawkshaw, who makes that constant noise in the club, sneezing, and coughing, and blowing his nose—all these men, by their various defects or qualities, have driven me half mad at times, and I have thought to myself, O that I could go to the club without seeing Banquo—O that Plodder would not come and inspect my mutton chop—O that fate would remove Hawkshaw and his pocket handkerchief for ever out of my sight and hearing! Well, August arrives, and one's three men of the sea are off one's shoulders. Mr. and Mrs. Banquo are at Leamington, the paper says; Mr. Plodder has gone to Paris, to inspect the dinners at the *Trois Frères*; and Hawkshaw is coughing away at Brighton, where the sad sea waves murmur before him. The club is your own. How pleasant it is! You can get the *Globe* and *Standard* now without a struggle; you may see all the Sunday papers; when you dine, it is not like dining in a street dinned by the tramp of waiters perpetually passing with clanking dishes of various odors, and jostled by young men who look scowlingly down upon your dinner as they pass with creaking boots. They are all gone—you sit in a vast and agreeable apartment, with twenty large servants at your orders—if you were a duke, with a thousand pounds a day, you couldn't be better served or lodged. Those men, having nothing else to do, are anxious to prevent your desires and make you happy—the butler bustles about with your pint of wine—if you order a dish, the *chef* himself will probably cook it: what mortal can ask more!

Of the dinners "this little taste," as my Lord Coke says of his law libations in the Institutes, "shall suffice."

DINNERS.

"I am a diner-out, and live in London. I protest, as I look back at the men and dinners I have seen in the last week, my mind is filled with manly respect and pleasure. How good they have been! how admirable the entertainments! how worthy the men!

"Let me, without divulging names, and with a cordial gratitude, mention a few of those whom I have met and who have all done their duty.

"Sir, I have sat at table with a great, a world-renowned statesman. I watched him during the progress of the banquet—I am at liberty to say that he enjoyed it like a man.

"On another day, it was a celebrated literary character. It was beautiful to see him at his dinner: cordial and generous, jovial and kindly, the great author enjoyed himself as the great statesman—may he long give us good books and good dinners!

"Yet another day, and I sat opposite to a Right Reverend Bishop. My Lord, I was pleased to see good thing after good thing disappear before you; and think no man ever better became that rounded episcopal apron. How amiable he was! how kind! He put water into his wine. Let us respect the moderation of the Church.

"And then the men learned in the law; how they dine! what hospitality, what splendor, what comfort, what wine! As we walked away very gently in the moonlight, only three days since, from the ———'s, a friend of my youth and myself, we could hardly speak for gratitude: 'Dear Sir,'—we breathed fervently,

'ask us soon again.' One never has too much at those perfect banquets—no hideous head-aches ensue, or horrid resolutions about adopting *Revalenta Arabica* for the future—but contentment with all the world, light slumbers, joyful waking to grapple with the morrow's work. Ah, dear Bob, those lawyers have great merits. There is a dear old judge at whose family table, if I could see you seated, my desire in life would be pretty nearly fulfilled. If you make yourself agreeable there, you will be in a fair way to get on in the world. But you are a youth still. Youths go to balls; men go to dinners.

"Doctors, again, notoriously eat well; when my excellent friend Sangrado takes a bumper, and saying, with a shrug and a twinkle of his eye, '*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*,' tosses off the wine, I always ask the butler for a glass of that bottle.

"The inferior clergy, likewise, dine very much and well. I don't know when I have been better entertained, as far as creature comforts go, than by men of very low church principles; and one of the very best repasts that ever I saw in my life was at Darlington, given by a Quaker.

"Some of the best wine in London is given to his friends by a poet of my acquaintance. All artists are notoriously fond of dinners, and invite you, but not so profusely. Newspaper-editors delight in dinners on Saturdays, and give them, thanks to the present position of Literature, very often and good. Dear Bob, I have seen the mahoganies of many men."

The pleasures of settling down into an old Foggy are thus philosophically described:—

THE BENEFITS OF BEING A FOGY.

"It will be seen, by the above remarks, that a desire to shine or to occupy a marked place in society, does not constitute my idea of happiness, or become the character of a discreet Foggy. Time, which has dimmed the lustre of his waistcoats, allayed the violence of his feelings, and sobered down his head with grey, should give to the whole of his life a quiet neutral tinge; out of which calm and reposeful condition an honest old Foggy looks on the world, and the struggle there of women and men. I doubt whether this is not better than struggling yourself, for you preserve your interest, and do not lose your temper. Succeeding? What is the great use of succeeding? Failing? Where is the great harm? It seems to you a matter of vast interest at one time of your life whether you shall be a lieutenant or a colonel—whether you shall or shall not be invited to the Duchess's party—whether you shall get the place you and a hundred other competitors are trying for—whether Miss will have you or not; what the deuce does it all matter a few years afterwards! Do you, Jones, mean to intimate a desire that History should occupy herself with your paltry personality! The Future does not care whether you were a captain or a private soldier. You get a card to the Duchess's party: it is no more or less than a ball or breakfast like other balls or breakfasts. You are half-distracted because Miss won't have you and takes the other fellow, or you get her (as I did Mrs. Pacifico) and find that she is quite a different thing from what you expected. Psha! These things appear as nought—when Time passes—Time the consoler—Time the anodyne—Time the grey calm satirist, whose sad smile seems to say, Look, O man, at the vanity of the objects you pursue, and of yourself who pursue them!

"But on the one hand, if there is an alloy in all success, is there not a something wholesome in all disappointment! To endeavor to regard them both benevolently is the task of a philosopher; and he who can do so is a very lucky Foggy."

Here we leave Mr. Brown, with a pleasant sense of his humor and philanthropy.

LESTER'S "MY CONSULSHIP."*

MANY a good book might be written by our foreign consuls, out of their abundant experiences of their visitors from home and their new acquaintances abroad, were it in all cases right and proper to communicate matters—of so recent a date—which are more or less entitled to the courtesy of professional silence. There is probably another more comprehensive limitation, namely that of the occasional inability of a consul to write in a profitable, interesting or agreeable manner. Mr. Lester appears to have no doubts of the thing either way. He dashes off his communications to the public in the most rapid and surprising manner. All is fish that comes to the net; and as for being entertaining and getting possession of the reader, that innocent party to the transaction is carried by storm. A couple of extracts will show Mr. Lester's method in "My Consulship," which came off at Genoa once, beginning in September of a certain year of which the narrative oddly omits the date. This is, however, one of the entries and hits off a fact, touching our foreign embassies, worth considering at Washington.

"IS THIS A DEAF AND DUMB MAN?"

"December 28th. The Carnival has begun; the festivities of the gay season have opened—every day has its round of ceremonies, courtesies, and amusements; and yesterday, particularly, I had as much of them all as I desire. Our *Chargé d'affaires*, at the Court of Turin, has arrived in Genoa. In compliance with the etiquette of the country, we called at one o'clock on the Governor of the town, who is a Minister of the King, and one of his State Counsellors—I presented the *Chargé d'affaires*. Our Government does some things very curiously indeed; and among them, is the appointment to foreign Courts, of men who cannot speak a word in any language but English. It would be enough to cure nine out of ten of all our office-seekers, if they could have witnessed our operations to-day. The *Chargé d'affaires* approached the Governor, when he was presented, and kept *mum*: The Governor addressed him in French—the *Chargé* was *mum*: The Governor addressed him in Italian—the *Chargé* was still *mum*: The Governor addressed him in German—the *Chargé* was *mummer* still. The Governor looked at me, the same as to say, 'Why! is this a deaf and dumb man, sir! Is he a man of straw, or was he made by a tailor! Who is he! What does he want! Please to explain, sir.' The *Chargé* looked cheap—I felt very cheap myself, and would have sold out considerably below par; but the poor old Governor seemed to feel worse than either of us—and so it went on for five years. *Chargé* after *Chargé* came; newly-appointed Representatives of the Government of all grades came; Captains and Commodores of American fleets; and my readers may well think, before my time was up, I got tired of being an interpreter, particularly as I didn't happen to speak all the languages under the sun with quite as much facility as I have seen other people do it."

One of the great affairs of "My Consulship" appears to have been the arrival of an American squadron. The excitement is delightful.

A LIVELY TIME AT THE CONSULATE.

"Tuesday, January 10th. Business to-day: and lest I forget what business means, in the sense I now use it, let me specify—to be pulled out of bed in the morning before daylight by a purser's clerk, who must have a score of requi-

* My Consulship, by O. Edwards Lester. 2 vols. Cornish, Lamport & Co.

sitions filled before breakfast. 'Why not have brought them a day or two ago, if you must have them this morning?' 'O you must ask the purser, sir!' An American never asks for a thing until all time for waiting has gone by—then all crash—break—rush—bustle—till the thing comes.—Well! a cup of coffee, and off to the Consulate. Twenty folks waiting two hours before any public office is opened. Disorderly sailors had been arrested—orders given to police—letters mailed for all parts of the world—a dozen men sent off searching for supplies for the squadron—mistakes in time, weights, measures, qualities, quantities, colors, vessels; too much, too little, everything, nothing. Note from the Governor, who proposes to go on board the flag ship at noon—Commodore informed—the aforesaid personage has the gout, but is carried down in a *portantino* to his barge—at two, don my Consular dress—everybody wanting to know everything, and have everything—etiquette more important than business—'duty before decency'—visit to the flag ship; formalities, compliments. Back to Consulate, and, of course, fifty people waiting. Commodore out of wood—two officers going to Florence in an hour—three hours absolutely necessary to get their passports signed by the proper authorities; but still they are going in an hour, or they'll be—well they were, of course, or it came upon me—men always lay the blame of their own folly upon other people. Next, the Captain of a merchant-ship must have his vessel cleared in an hour, when four hours at least are indispensable—a Boston captain must have one man brought from the hospital, and two from the prison, in about one quarter the time necessary. Loads of supplies for the squadron ready to be inspected before they go on board. Messenger from the Commodore, begging me to come and see him for a moment, or the world would stop. Secretary of the Governor announced, who must speak a word with Signor Console—the *Chargé d'affaires* out of wood. It is now four o'clock—rather hungry after ten hours of work and only a cup of coffee—never mind—fire away—invoices of goods, which must be signed, registered, and delivered, to go by the evening post, and last, not least, my servant with a pressing note from Nell to come home to dinner. It never seemed necessary to me, even during that winter, with twenty-two hundred Americans to take care of, to have much time to do a great deal of work; but I often inclined to the opinion it was necessary to have a little time; and even habits of accuracy and dispatch on my part, could not atone for the negligence of others. I have not recorded these incidents above at random; I have taken them verbatim from a diary I kept during my Consulship, and the day I speak of was but a fair sample of my everyday life.—Let us look at another day. January 11th. Went to bed at two o'clock last night, and up again at six, dispatching business at the Consulate on steam principles. Not less than fifty persons accumulated by seven. The Admiral sent the key of his opera-box, for some of the officers and their ladies. After getting through with a hundred persons, the *Chargé d'affaires* was announced. A long confidential talk—he must, from his own account, have got himself into a pretty scrape at Turin. He can speak nothing but English, and even that in a curious way. He was a doctor, living somewhere in the Southern States, with a poor run of practice, and broken-down health. Hon. Nathaniel Niles, our first *Chargé d'affaires* at Turin, had negotiated an advantageous treaty with Charles Albert, and in all respects represented the country with great ability: but he was recalled by the hard-cider Administration, to give place to a new favorite who had not a single qualification for the office."

There is movement in that; but decidedly the best thing we have found in Mr. Lester's

rather rantpole volumes is this bit of character in a navy surgeon, who—

WOULD NOT HAVE DISAPPOINTED SMOLLETT.

"February 22d. All honors paid by our squadron, and the Americans in the port, to the memory of the Father of our Republic. A long walk with Dr. B—, the fleet surgeon. He says, 'There are three sorts of human nature, men, women, and Frenchmen—and three sexes, masculine, feminine, and the between—the latter most numerous.' He would kill the majority of his patients, were it not out of respect to his science; a noble dog is, on the whole, the noblest work of God. He has a dozen at home, that are infinitely superior to most men he has seen for the last twenty years, except an Indian servant he had at Buenos Ayres—thinks women made to have children, and they are only well employed when engaged in that business—immediately after, they get out of their sphere, and go to doing all sorts of foolish things—says Franklin was not a very wise man; great mistake on that subject, and what is more astonishing than all, the Europeans have made the same blunder, and the Europeans are less given to fancies of the brain—Franklin did many a foolish thing—the doctor has one of his teeth in an old chest that he believes some of his relations have carried off to Ohio, for a man cannot leave anything in the United States with safety, long enough to make a voyage to Europe; when he gets back he will find they have torn down his house, and moved his farm out West—he says the Commodore is crazy, and he should give that opinion professionally. In a week, one of the corvettes will leave to take 'the women of the squadron' down to Mahon. 'Oh, sir,' said the doctor, 'they are a part of the fleet, just as much as my black Sam, or the Commodore's chambermaid. I hope the ship will go to the bottom, for nothing less will convince the Commodore that he is a madman.' 'But,' I interposed, 'since you are obliged to go in the corvette, what would become of you.' 'Ah!' he replied, 'I could die with all the *plaisir* of a Frenchman, if I could witness such a glorious consummation. I have lived a good deal too long already. The average of human life is less than thirty years, and many a poor devil has had to clear the coop to leave me above ground. Why, sir, by this long living I have become fit company for nobody but my dogs, and they after all are the only society worthy of a really great man. In fact, the only really great man I ever knew, was that South American Indian I was telling you about—my servant. He never spoke to me except when it was necessary. I have gone out of the house, and left him sitting on the steps, and whether I came home at midnight, the next morning, or three days afterwards, I always found him there on the steps—he never slept a wink, he never spoke except when it was absolutely necessary. You talk about civilization! show me a European like him. Why, in Europe they would send such a man to an insane asylum.'"

HUDSON'S SHAKESPEARE.*

The fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Hudson's edition of Shakespeare bring us, in the usual order of the plays, through the three parts of Henry VI., including Richard II., and the two parts of Henry IV. The publishing enterprise of this edition, so far as the beautiful typography is concerned, grew out of an intention to reproduce the admired features of the Chiswick edition, which had been destroyed by fire. This has been successfully accomplished with the nicest elegance, special type having been cast for the purpose; so that, to the eye, it is the most agreeable

* The Works of Shakespeare: the text carefully restored according to the first editions; with introductions, &c., by the Rev. H. N. Hudson. Vols. V. VI. Munroe & Co.

edition, in any popular form, now issued. So much for the publishers' part. The editor, Mr. Hudson, amply sustains himself in those qualities which we have so frequently noticed of his Shakespeare Lectures, and the previous volumes of this work.

His comments are, throughout, a fine example of reproductive criticism, reverent and sympathetic, and firmly based on a diligent and laborious study of the subject, both literal and philosophical. On looking into Mr. Hudson's compact introduction, and frequent, though not overburdened notes, we are not aware of any source of historical, philological or critical study having been neglected. There is a strong flavor of Mr. Hudson's own individuality—a quaint, earnest, downright and upright manner; but it is never displayed for his own exhibition till justice has been fully done to the topic in hand. These historical plays, for instance, are presented with every aid to their due comprehension, by a clear, prefatory narrative of events and notice of persons. The bibliography of the play is given, a digest of the manuscript hunting and authority of Collier, Halliwell, and others, and, finally, a part of the work always executed with spirit, we have a philosophical evolution of the characters—an elaboration in the spirit of the wise, pregnant points thrown out by Coleridge, the most fruitful English commentator on the great dramatist.

The variety of characters in Henry IV. gives Mr. Hudson abundant opportunity for his character essays. This is well said of

HOTSPUR.

"How different is the atmosphere which waits upon that marvellous group of rebel war-chiefs, whereof Hotspur is the soul, and where chivalry reigns as supremely as wit and humour do in the haunts of Falstaff. It is exceedingly difficult to speak of Hotspur satisfactorily; not indeed because the lines of his character are not bold and prominent enough, but rather because they are so much so. For his frame is greatly disproportioned, which causes him to be all the more distinguishable, and perhaps to seem larger than he really is; and one of his leading excesses manifests itself in a wiry, close-twisted, red-hot speech, which burns into the mind such an impression of him as must needs make any commentary seem prosaic and dull. There is no mistaking him: no character in Shakespeare stands more apart in plenitude of peculiarity; and stupidity itself can hardly so disguise or disfigure him with criticism, but that he will still be recognised by any one that has ever seen him. He is as much a monarch, in his sphere, as the king and Falstaff are in theirs; only they rule more by power, he by emphasis and stress: there is something in them that takes away the will and spirit of resistance; he makes everything bend to his arrogant, domineering, capricious temper. Who that has been with him in the scenes at the palace and at Bangor, can ever forget his bounding, sarcastic, overbearing spirit! How he hits all about him, and makes the feathers fly wherever he hits! it seems as if his tongue could go through the world, and strew the road behind it with splinters. And how steeped his speech everywhere is in the poetry of the sword! In what compact and sinewy platoons and squadrons the words march out of his mouth in bristling rank and file! as if from his birth he had been cradled in the iron breast of war. How doubly charged he is, in short, with the electricity of chivalry! inasmuch that you can touch him nowhere but that he will give you a shock.

"In those two scenes, what with Hotspur, and what with Glendower, the poetry is as un-

rivalled, in its kind, as the wit and humor in the best scenes at Eastcheap. What a dressing Hotspur gives the silken courtier who came to demand the prisoners! And how still more effectual is that he gives the king for persisting in his demand! where he seems to be under a spell, a fascination of rage and scorn, nothing can check him, he cannot check himself, because besides the boundings of a most turbulent and impetuous nature, he has always had his own way, having from his boyhood held the post of a feudal war-chief: whatsoever thought touches him, it forthwith kindles into an overmastering passion, that bears down all before it: irascible, headstrong, impatient, every effort to arrest or divert him only produces a new impatience; and we have 'the uncontrollable rush of an energetic mind, surrendering itself to impulses impossible to be guided by will or circumstance, and sweeping into its own current whatsoever barriers of prudence feebler natures would oppose to it.' We see that he has a rough and passionate soul, great strength and elevation of mind, with little gentleness, and less delicacy, and 'a force of will that rises into poetry by its own chafings';—that when he once gets thoroughly started, nothing can stop him but exhaustion; and that when this comes 'the passion of talk is ready to become the passion of action.' 'Speaking thick' is elsewhere set down as one of his peculiarities; and it seems doubtful whether the poet took this from some tradition concerning him, or considered it a natural result of his prodigious rush and press of thought."

There is a comprehensive estimate of Falstaff, which every reader has probably felt without having given expression to

FALSTAFF'S SELF-POSSESSED POWER.

"If we were to fix upon anything as especially characteristic of Falstaff, we should say it is an amazing fund of good sense. His vast stock of this, to be sure, is pretty much all enlisted or impressed into the service of sensuality, yet no-wise so but that the servant still overpeers and outshines the master. Moreover, his thinking has such agility and quickness, and at the same time is so apt and pertinent, as to do the work of the most prompt and popping wit, yet in such sort as we cannot but feel the presence of something much larger and stronger than wit. For mere wit, be it never so good, to be keenly relished must be sparingly used, and the more it tickles the sooner it tires. But no one can ever weary of Falstaff's talk, who understands it; his speech being like pure, fresh, cold water, which always tastes good, because it is—tasteless. The wit of other men seems to be some special faculty or mode of thought, and lies in a quick seizing of remote and fanciful affinities; whereas in Falstaff, it lies not in any one thing more than another, for which cause it cannot be defined; being, indeed, none other than that roundness and evenness of mind which we call good sense, so quickened and pointed as to produce the effect of wit, yet without hindrance to its own proper effect.

"Inexhaustible and available, however, as is his stock of good sense, he is himself fully aware of it, and rests in the calm assurance that it will never fail him; and, though vastly proud thereof, his pride never shows itself in an offensive shape; it being the sure effect of good sense to keep off all such unhandsome exhibitions. This proud consciousness of his resources it is, no doubt, that keeps him so perpetually at his ease; and hence, in part, the ineffable charm of his conversation. Never at a loss, and never apprehensive that he shall be at a loss, he therefore never exerts himself, nor concerns himself for the result; so that nothing is strained, or studied, or far fetched; firmly relying on his strength, he still invites the toughest trials, as knowing that his powers will bring him off victorious, like a whiff of the whip or the spur, and

by merely giving the rein to their natural briskness and celerity. Hence it is, also, that he so often lets go all regard to prudence of speech, and thrusts himself into the tightest places and narrowest predicaments, as fit opportunities of exercising and evincing his incomparable fertility and alertness of thought; being quite assured that he shall still come off uncornered and uncaught, and that the greater his seeming perplexity, the greater will be his triumph. And in all these cases, no sooner do the others pounce upon him, and seem to have him in their toils, than he most adroitly springs a diversion upon their thoughts, and fills them with other things. Such are his sallies and escapes when cornered up about the men in buckram, the picking of his pocket, and his threatening to cudgel the prince. And thus, throughout, no exigency turns up but that he is ready with a word that exactly fits into and fills the place; and he always lets on and shuts off the jest precisely when and how will produce the best effect.

"At other times this faculty shows itself in a quick spying and using advantages. Which is best instanced at the battle of Shrewsbury, when, being set upon by Douglas, he falls down as if he were dead, and in that condition witnesses the death of Hotspur. The question is, how to derive upon himself the honor and profit of killing Percy, without hazarding a conflict with Prince Henry's claim. And in the stratagem which he employs to this end, his action as exactly fits into and fills the place, as his words do in other cases. When the prince says, 'Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead,' how quickly and how shrewdly he gives that simple mistake such a turn as to accredit all his own lies! the prince being instantaneously made a witness against himself."

"Besides this proud consciousness of his intellectual sufficiency, he has a further ground of exultant pride, in that the tranquil, easy contact and grapple of his mind acts, and he knows it acts, as a potent stimulus on others, provided they be capable of it, working and lifting them up towards the greatness that is in himself. This it is, that, in the absence of any appeals to his heroic qualities, draws Prince Henry into his company, who manifestly resorts to him chiefly for the mental excitement of his conversation and presence."

In the same intellectual perception, with a proper respect for the humors, is the account of

JUSTICE SILENCE.

"One would suppose the force of feebleness could go no further than it does in Justice Shallow; yet it is carried several degrees higher in his cousin, Justice Silence. The habitual tautology of the one has its counterpart in the no less habitual taciturnity of the other. And Shallow's peculiarity herein may have grown partly from talking to his cousin and getting no answers; for Silence has scarce energy enough to make answers, and when he does so, the answer is generally but an echo of the question. So that his immoveable taciturnity is but the proper outside of his essential vacuity, and springs from sheer dearth of soul. The only faculty he seems to have is memory, and he has not life enough of his own to set even this in motion;—nothing but excess of wine can make it stir: so that it seems fairly questionable whether wine sets him a-thinking, or he sets wine a-thinking. He is indeed a stupendous platitude of a man; his character being poetical by a sort of inversion, as extreme ugliness sometimes has the effect of beauty, and fascinates the eye. And yet he has a son at Oxford, and a daughter just blooming into womanhood, which strangely links him with our household sympathies.

"Shakspeare's fondness of weaving poetical conceptions round the leanest subjects is finely

shown in the continual pouring forth of snatches from old ballads by Silence, when his native sterility of brain is overcome by the working of sack on his memory. How delicately comical the volubility with which he trundles off the fragments of popular ditties, when in 'the sweet of the night' his heart has grown rich with the exhilaration of wine! Who can ever forget the exquisite humor of the contrast between Silence dry and Silence drunk! As nothing but wine can put his tongue astir, so his tongue cannot choose but keep on till the force of the wine is spent; so long as the effect of this is on him, not even the tempestuous abuse of Pistol can stop him.

"The conduct of Silence on this occasion lets us far into the style and spirit of old English mirth. We see that he must have passed his life in an atmosphere of song; for it was only by dint of long custom and endless repetition that so passive a memory as his could be stored with such matter. And the snatches he sings are fragments of old minstrelsy 'that had long been heard in the squire's hall and the yeoman's chimney corner,' where friends and neighbors were wont to 'sing aloud old songs, the precious music of the heart.'

"It were hardly just, either to Shallow and Silence, or to the poet, to dismiss them without referring to their piece of dialogue about old Double: where, with all that is odd and grotesque, in itself and its circumstances, there is a strange mixture of something that draws and knits in with the sanctities of our being, and 'feelingly persuades us what we are.' As with the 'smooth-lipped shell,' of which Wordsworth speaks so beautifully, so with this poor shell of humanity; when we apply our ear to it, and listen intensely, 'from within are heard murmurings, whereby the monitor expresses mysterious union with its native sea.' It is considerable that this bit of dialogue occurs at our first meeting with the speakers; as if the poet meant it on purpose to set and gauge our feelings aright towards them; to forestall and prevent an overmuch rising of contempt for them, which is probably about the worst feeling we can cherish. At all events, such is nature; and so jealous was our divine Shakspeare of nature's rights."

The use made of the "dialogue about old Double" is in the best vein of the refined, subtle, appreciative school of criticism in which Mr. Hudson is an adept.

LITERATURE, BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

WE have several valuable series of papers for the *Literary World* on hand, the publication of which we shall commence at an early day. One is an elaborate analysis of the Oxford and Cambridge University Commission Reports, from Mr. Charles A. Bristed, dated at Paris; a second is a collection of papers by our esteemed correspondent on German Literature, J. H., of a philosophical and speculative character, entitled *The Modern Telemachus*; and, not least, is a series of Coleridgeana, including a number of very valuable literary and other memoranda by the author of "The Aids to Reflection," not heretofore published. We may also promise our readers an eloquent poetical translation by the Rev. C. T. Brooks, whose initials have so often graced our columns, of the entire poem of Lamartine, "The Death of Socrates."

The last number of the *Quarterly Review* has rather a brusque article on a topic which the contributors to that journal, we had supposed, from duty and inclination, were disposed to treat with more reverence, the poetry of Wordsworth. It is a sifting of the distinguished Laker's reputation, which

would soothe the repose of old Francis Jeffrey in his coffin and add a complacent wrinkle to the ghost of Don Juan—for it mercilessly throws overboard, from the well freighted works, cargoes of baldness, bareness, obscurity, and puerility, thereby seeming to justify all the untoward words of the poet's generation. It is some such a sacrifice of Wordsworth by the Quarterly as the public was treated to in that Review's article upon Theodore Hook after his death,—that most ungracious return for the humors of the living man. The main idea of the Wordsworth article is that in the early part of his career he received more contempt than he was entitled to, and in the latter part more praise, and that wise posterity must now strike the balance and mix them both. So the reviewer goes to work, like a small apothecary, pestle and mortar in hand; dogmatically qualifying and triturating the reputation of the great poet. One thing is abortive, another is sterile, another is dull; this wants exactness, that is eked out; he had no command of language, and "there will not be many to dispute that no poet who soared so high ever sank so low, or interposed so large a proportion of the commonplace among his worthier verse." Censures of this kind are compensated by occasional compliments; nor are we disposed to question the sagacity of this knowing article. It is lively, shrewd, and irreverent, producing a very uncomfortable sensation upon the minds of readers who have been accustomed to read Wordsworth with pleasure and a certain poetic faith that his development was a very noble one and at unity with itself. If we expect to reap any good from literature or the world we must proceed upon an opposite principle from this Review; we must build up and construct from the positive good elements of life, and make as warm and sheltering homes for ourselves as we can. Wordsworth's own creed of the true enjoyment to be derived from poetry, expressed in his lines on the poet's grave, was—

You must lose him e'er to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

Looked at in this spirit how grand and sincere rises the colossal image of Wordsworth, how deeply are we impressed with his pure elevated thinking, his unwearied interest in simple things, his true manly style, his disdain of all petty affectations. We cannot understand how, with a sense of these things, a *Quarterly* reviewer can find it in his head or heart to revive over the poet's grave the very obvious wit which was so freely expended by noodles a quarter of a century ago over defects which, at the worst, were mere outside mannerisms. There is a certain infidelity to poetry as well as to religion from which we should pray to be delivered.

Mr. Willis, in some one of his numerous sparkling newspaper comments on the fashions of the day, says the capricious taste of the public renders it occasionally uncertain in what way best to provide for its reading appetite or necessities; whether the literary nostrum is to be administered as pill, potion, or lotion; as magazine, newspaper, or review; daily, weekly, or monthly. Just now the fashionable doctors are the monthly ones with large allopathic doses at homœopathic prices. Harpers' Magazine sends a warehouse of paper and print every month to one hundred and ten thousand purchasers; Putnam in

three months has attained a circulation of thirty thousand; Graham comes on, like President Pierce, "not to be controlled by any timid forebodings of evil from expansion." Is this astounding success to be attributed solely to the merits of these publications, or is it a lucky gale filling the bookseller's sails for a short season? If it is merit which sells a magazine, why does not *Blackwood* run up to some fifty or a hundred thousand in the United States. Its last number is about as good a one as has been ever published under the effigies of old George Buchanan, better furnished than any of its contemporaries in rollicking story, good-humored essay and refined erudition. Why don't the public cry after it, and besiege the office of Messrs. Scott & Co.? Then there is the *Knickerbocker*. Show us anything more delicate, choicely expressed, or more original and American in any of its contemporaries than Mr. Shelton's disquisition on Crows and such fellows, in the last number. Why don't Old Knick. exhaust paper-mills and turn printing-offices crazy with editions by the hundred thousand? Is it genuine merit, or is it an "Uncle Tomitude" which governs the world?

No books have been more popular or worthily so, than some of the recent biographical and other illustrations of history, by Miss Strickland, Julia Kavanagh, Arsene Housaye, and other pleasant seekers into the byeways of national life. Of these, Agnes Strickland is the greatest adept, a Chief Justice not disdaining to adopt her ready-made investigations for the pages of his "Lord Chancellors," while, for popular interest, the details of old state affairs, dress, love, romance, intrigue and ceremonial, in this lady's hands have been no unsuccessful competitors with Mr. James's romantic descriptions, in the school of historical novel. The latest of her books is the first volume of a life of Mary Queen of Scots, an apparently inexhaustible topic which, in addition to old appeals to our sympathy, has been of late reinforced by additions of documentary evidence from France, in the quarto relating to Francis II., issued under the commission of Louis Philippe. Miss Strickland loses no advantage of argument or picturesqueness in these ancient materials. She writes *con amore* in behalf of Mary, and infuses into her page the wealth of the old contemporary chronicles in incident and manners. A second volume will complete this life in the series, publishing by the Harpers, of the Queens of Scotland.

Messrs. Blanchard & Lea have separated from the same authors Queens of England, the series, sufficiently numerous for the purpose, of the wives of Henry VIII. They make, of course, a varied and interesting volume under this grouping, and one which will find its own way to the boudoir and drawing-room.

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. have published in their series of Cabinet Histories of the States, *The History of New York, from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time*. By W. H. Carpenter and T. S. Arthur. It is a compilation, but a compilation which, from the diversity of the hitherto unemployed material, has something of the character of an original work. It appears to be prepared with care, conducts the story from the first colonization to the close of the war of 1812,

is succinctly and unambitiously written, and is a useful manual of its subject. The idea of the publishers is a capital one, and is placed in practised hands in its literary conductors.

It gives us pleasure to chronicle in its amplified form, a sign of prosperity present and to come, the new volume, the twenty-third, of *the Churchman*. The hand of the editor is visible in every column, his industry and grasp evidently keeping pace with the enlargement. As we have expressed our views of Mr. Hudson's powers on another page of this number of our journal, we have only to add our sense of the value of his acuteness, directness, and strength of thought and expression now brought to bear upon the many contemporary topics—now including a summary of the most important events of the world—in the *Churchman*. The terse and idiomatic, hitting the nail hard on the head, expressions of the editor remind us, in more than one instance, of the quaint old epigrammatical church historian, Dr. Thomas Fuller.

The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By Lamartine. Vol. III. Harper. Napoleon after Waterloo to his death at St. Helena, the allies in Paris, the second restoration of Louis XVIII., are the main topics of this third volume, illustrated and amplified, with the usual brilliant scene painting, dramatic exhibition of character and impulsive narrative of Lamartine. This volume shows, however, less melo-dramatic display of action, less scene-shifting, and a diminished frequency and violence of catastrophe. Napoleon is rock-bound, and the world of Europe is at its ease, and Lamartine can unravel at his leisure the complicated web of French and European policy. The author, accordingly, moults some of his fine feathers, and appears in the more sober garb of the philosophical historian.

Daisy Burns; a Tale. By Julia Kavanagh. Appleton & Co. This is a long novel, filling some four hundred and fifty close duodecimo pages; and is almost entirely occupied with conversation between the two leading characters. It is a curiosity in this respect, but is by no means deficient in interest. Miss Kavanagh is an accomplished literary workwoman, and succeeds well in the romance as in the other varied fields of literature in which we often meet her.

Labor and Love; a Tale of English Life. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. The English life here treated of is that of the laborer, and the love is that of the philanthropist who endeavors to alleviate its hardships and render it one of happiness and contentment. It is a pleasantly written little volume, design and execution being alike commendable.

Thankfulness, A Narrative of Truth; or, Persis Claretton. By the Rev. Charles B. Taylor. Stanford & Swords. Two new stories by a writer whose publications follow one another with a frequency which shows that they are in popular demand. The first of the present volumes is illustrative of life at the present day in the household of a worthy clergyman, and is designed to inculcate the virtue which furnishes its title. The scene of the second work carries us back to the seventeenth century, and the early strug-

gles of the Church of England. The author's purpose in this is, in his own words, "to show that it might have been easy for good men, had not the rulers of Church and State, at that period, prevented and forbidden it, to have lived together in unity, and that the enforcing of uniformity must always be fatal to the growth and the spread of vital religion."

Henry of Ofterdingen; a Romance from the German of Novalis. H. H. Moore. A re-issue of a translation published in Boston some years ago, of a masterpiece of modern German literature.

MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Obstetric Catechism, by Joseph Warrington, M. D. Philadelphia. Edmund Harrington and Geo. D. Haswell.

The Medical science of Midwifery discussed in a series of questions and answers, and thus adapted, for the mutual benefit of teacher and pupil, to the ready acquisition of the student.

New York Journal of Medicine, March. Among a variety of interesting articles, we mark as the special one of this number, a paper by Dr. Charles D. Smith of New York, on Pulsating Tumours of Bone, where we have the particulars of a case, in which the doctor heroically performed no less than four capital operations, beginning with the ligature of the tibial artery, and ending with an amputation of the leg.

Dr. Smith uses his particular case as a text for a historical review of, and some general remarks upon, pulsating tumours of bone, and has exhibited a commendable degree of care and research, in the preparation of his interesting paper.

The American Journal of Medical Sciences, January. Philadelphia.—The article in this No. which will first attract the notice of every reader, is the account of the illness, death, and post-mortem examination of Daniel Webster. Webster's brain takes high rank in size among the large brains, being next to that of Cuvier, in comparison with the latter and four others, Abercrombie, Spurzheim, and Dupuytren. In estimating brains by weight, the writer in the review justly remarks, quantity not quality is considered. Lord Byron had but a very small brain measured by weight.

Among other papers of value, the Medical and Surgical Notes of campaigns in the War with Mexico, may be mentioned as having a special American interest.

British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review. S. S. and W. Wood, New York. The January Number of the best English Medical quarterly, reprinted here and sold at a price which makes it practicable as it is desirable for all medical men, to purchase. Original articles, dignified reviews, full statements of medical facts, and records of medical events, reports of societies, &c., make up the burthen of each number.

ODE

ON MEMORIES OF MUSIC IN CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE T. RIDER.

I.

MELODY,

Gentler than the May-winds
Soothing tired day to slumber,

Ever with its airy fingers
Lingers lovingly
On the harp strings of my spirit,
Harp that sons of light inherit.
Dream-like melody,
Gentler than a far spent echo
Whispering to the stars above me,
Whispered to my waking spirit—
Whispered gently, as the twilight
Telleth to the patient starlight
Of the kingly morning:
Thus it gave me
Greeting with its life and love.

II.

Lo! sweet voiced memory
Hath never wearied of the strain,
Full of gladness
Nigh to madness,
From the lips of her that bore me;
But hath sung it o'er and o'er:
Sung it to me at my waking;
Sung it o'er my infant slumbers
In my joy, and in my sorrow,
Sung it ever lovingly.
That melody,
With angelic constancy,
Lingers in my spirit still,
Like the restless pulse within me,
In the golden noon-day—
In the night of weeping!
Not the changeful tide of living,
Not its sorrowing and striving,
Can disturb the gentle flowing
Of her soft and soulful measure.

III.

Melody
That shall never die;
For this rapturous vibration
Of my early inspiration
Hath a being with my being,
And a life within me living:
Life and being
Death can never ravish from me,
For the spirit scorneth death.
I know that I shall sleep
Full lowly in the dust, one day—
A tranquil sleep, I pray;
And that the grass shall grow and wither,
With each hastening year, above me,
Green and sere,
With the dawning and the dying
Of each wasting year.
A sleep that hath its waking
In eternity.
Then my spirit, in the rapture
Of its early joy,
Will repeat the well known measures
Of that lowly strain,
Day-break melody,—
Sweet carol of my infancy.

IV.

I have heard the birds
In the early Spring
Welcome the crocus and the hyacinth,
And caught their elf-land carol
In the budding forests,
Unmeasured joy and full;
The busy, low, hushed movement
Of flower-hunting bees;
The limpid, mirthful murmur
Of rivulets along the willowy glades;
The silvery whisper of the evening winds,
Straying among the pines;
The deep-voiced antiphon of ocean waves;
The up-borne chant of worshippers;
My ear hath heard, my soul hath felt them all.
And yet, nor voice, nor luxury of sound
Hath filled my soul
With that deep fervency of bliss,—
Perennial fount of joy,
First kindled at my dawning
By that melody of love—
Full of gladness,
With a sadness,
From the heart of her that bore me.

UNPUBLISHED MSS. FROM THE PORTFOLIOS OF
THE MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

BY MOTLEY WARE, ESQ.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

HIS WITHERED FLOWERS.

HILF himmel! how, in gazing on this withered bunch of flowers, is the heart moved within me: as on hearing again the merrily-sounding cattle-bells of my youth, a voice comes to me, surging from the far-distant alps of childhood! It is not a bunch of flowers alone I hold in my hand, but a whole infinity, a vast loud-echoing sea of thought, immeasurable and tender—not roses and pinks and jessamines only, but a beauteous panorama of fairest memories!

Ah heaven! how well I remember the morning and the scene when they were given into my unworthy hands by the bright-haired maiden who blushed at her own daring in softly presenting, with a gentle reluctance, her cheek to my salute! What Idyllic joys come rushing around me at the memories of that day, and all there met together. The butterflies and gay, circling birds, revelled upon their joyous wings in the great All-Temple, which the Father gave to them as to man; the grass was very green and soft; the echoes of sweet-sounding heart-words played around and filled the soft summer air. The vehicle, which, on fast-turning wheels, was to bear him who now writes away, stood near, and the horses pawed the ground, while flying words and kisses circled and swarmed that happy, sorrowful, parting hour!

These flowers were given then to him; they were so bright and beautiful, all covered with the sparkling dews, and no thorns grew upon them. They were given to him as a memory, he thought; and their fragrance seemed softly to invade and bathe the nostrils, and to penetrate into the heart, and to fill the very high-reaching air which drooped above him, and gently caressed his heart with its entrancing and soft splendor! He loved always young bright flowers so dearly! so dearly that, did not tyrannical custom forbid, he would ever go with such dear infants of the garden at his button hole, so that his thoughts, in the vast, bellowing ocean of humanity might ever and anon sink like morning larks to their nest in the lowly grass, where the sun-rays of life would not dazzle and confound him, while he looked on, and drank in the beauty of, these bright-hued garden and meadow-children!

She who gave into his unworthy hands those beautiful, now withered, flowers, was one of those gentle stars which, rising and glimmering in the morning of existence, were ever present with the rest to him, and hanging far up in the azure heaven of memory, went with him, like the waters of his native river, wherever his life-stream flowed!

Thus, they are not dead flowers alone to him; but living, magical flowers, which conjure up, like the sights seen in childhood, now seen again, all the far, long, dead past. They lie there on his book-case next to the statues, among many memorials of the Idyllic hours of his tender boyhood—among drawings, gift-volumes, and book-marks, worked long ago in many-colored silk, by fingers which now touch his with a sort of wonder at his face and voice, availing to bring back long-past, unmarried, girlish days, so deeply-buried now! The flowers lie there beside these recollections of the Past, and are a part of it. Some leaves have fallen; withered they long ago, and dried up, and fell crumb-

bling down. He will not have them brushed away, however. Ah heaven, no! Although they lie there like dry leaves upon a tomb, burying with the dead the thick-scattered scenes and fancies of the former time, yet also they revive those times in brightness and fair joy! So let them lie—they shall not be removed.

No—no! as that cannot be brushed away which this flower-bunch here brings to me: the beautiful bright day and the faces which, while he flowed away with the merrily-running stream, still rose clear in his heart! For like a westward-moving star, that heart, "lifted above the ground with cheerful thoughts," still hovered over them and will wherever they go!

HIS CASTLE BY THE SEA.

The merest little picture, nothing more!—and yet, beloved and good reader, there is no line of the said picture which does not embrace some memory of a gay, joyous time—ah, long ago!—when Hans Paul, and the heart of him, was moved with many gentle and fair dreams of happiness, which raised themselves from out that dream, then living, being acted all around him, in his heart!

The merest little picture—a pencil-drawing of an old ruin by the waters, and the ivy on it! Ah himmel! how his breast warms at thought of those merry, boyish days, when, winter though it were, Idyllic joys constantly alternated, and made beautiful all the snow-clad forest and the landscape, and the coldness of the frosty winter air!

Many were chased gaily into the soft, white snow, in the times of the happy things which here would fain relate themselves. It was happy to go and gather mistletoe and other fruits of the bounteous All-Father, vouchsafed to the laughing winter-time! It was happy to listen to the many gay ballads, many times sung, that music might delight the already full hearts of the joy-giving damsels and the youths who then sojourned together. It was very happy to play at the many merry games a-nights—most happy for those little hearts to feel themselves enslaved, for ever, then!

Ah, picture, what a gay-sounding innocent child-revel hast thou brought back to me!—how echoes all the stillness of my midnight chamber with those Idyllic joys—alas! gone for ever now. Sad, much-loved picture!

THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

IX.

NOTRE DAME DES ANGES.

AFTER a choice breakfast, at which we were attended by a nice looking woman-servant, having on a neat lawn cap and a wide-brimmed straw hat—the custom of the country—we stepped out upon the porch, and overlooked the sunny sea of the St. Lawrence, for it appeared more like sea than river. Westerly, far away, were the gray mountains of the Saguenay; northerly, the gentler hills of the Escoumains; in the north-east, the white porpoise, ever and anon, flashing like polished silver along the dark blue expanse. Over the sands that we had so lately crossed in the cart, the tide was sweeping in—that mighty tide of the gulf, at times, here, as high as 18 feet. Across the little bay, formed by the rocky point above occupied by the church, we could see the long procession in its religious march around the sacred edifice. From this lively and extensive view we soon went in on account of the

chilly air, although so full of golden sunshine and the 14th of June.

It was past noon when Monsieur Tétu came from church, and made us acquainted with Madame Tétu, a mild and quiet lady, speaking English well, somewhat portly, and enjoying the finest health in the world. With her husband she joined in making us quite welcome to Trois Pistoles, a name in the large parish of Notre Dame des Anges which we shall hereafter associate with the most delightful hospitality, and which will ever have over us a kind of magnetic influence, drawing us that way on each return of "the leafy June," and actually bringing us, we hope, all there again at no distant point in the holidays of the future.

It would take a long time to relate the story of our pleasant tarry at Trois Pistoles. We were there, a part of us, for some nine days, during which we rambled, rode, and saw the lions of the parish, fished for trout in lake and brook, and came home to bounteous dinners. We had bounteous breakfasts, too, and generous suppers. And what was more, nay, most, we had Felix Tétu both at and between them all. Though full of business, he seemed to have leisure to be full of pleasure. Between them both he was certainly the most industrious of men. When he slept we had to guess. Wake up at the dead of night, there was the light of Felix Tétu, writing letters, or reading the news. Get up by daybreak, there again was Felix Tétu writing letters or looking at the papers. When he came in, he always came with a festive spirit. When he went out, he seemed to be going to a bridal. Breakfast, dinner, supper, were all festive, full of fun, speeches, theatric gesture, anecdote and song. Evenings were merriment itself. Madame played the piano, and Monsieur sang or danced his noiseless hornpipes, and filled the house and the hearts of his guests full of joy. I remember certain gleams of sunshine across the meadows of my childhood, so I shall for ever remember the glowing smiles of Monsieur Tétu. Happy, happy Felix Tétu! Sparkling with the wine of youth, and blooming with its very roses!—the odorous freshness of childhood hand in hand with the powers of manhood, and walking gaily down to old age, flowery with virtues, and musical with genial words and feelings. "Madame Tétu," said one of us, "is Monsieur always so?" "Always so. I have known him many years, and he was never cast down but once,—when he lost property,—and then only for a fortnight.

We made some pleasant acquaintances—Monsieur Le Roi, le curé, who had a small but select library in French, and Monsieur Dubé, le docteur, upon whom we had occasion to call for professional services, and found an accomplished physician. On one of our visits to the priest, who is one of those persons that would be a gentleman in the solitudes of nature, he passed around pipes and lemonade, and showed us some very good engravings of several distinguished pictures. In the church, a large stone edifice of the Roman style, there is one of the most beautiful gilded tabernacles of that country, and such a copy of one of Raphael's Madonnas, for an altar-piece, as you seldom see out of Italy.

I should like to tell you, in a quiet way, quite a tale of successful trout-fishing. You would hear of green meadows and pastures,

and of willow-bordered brooks, now still or rippling under grassy banks spangled with the violet and dandelion, and now foaming in their craggy paths down to the lowlands. I will tell you, now that I am thinking of them, of several kind-hearted French boys. I was taking some fine trout from a stream close to their house. In the midst of my sport they desisted me, and came, for anything that I knew, with orders for me to be off. But, instead of the least displeasure, although I was snatching from them several excellent suppers, they seemed delighted with my success, and encouraged me in the best natured manner possible to fish as long as I chose. This generous spirit is one of the characteristics of the French Canadian.

Here, perhaps, is the most extraordinary trouting excursion of our trip. La Blane, a sort of Rip Van Winkle of the neighborhood, took us one hot day in a cart to a small lake, distant several miles, and in the depths of a forest. Here we found the perfection of a backwood's scene: a "clearing" with its multitude of coal-black stumps and logs, and a low log cabin roofed with earth, the dwelling of Oliver Rousell and family, not by any means the poorest, but certainly the dirtiest, the most fly-bitten and best natured of mankind. Around this, the nucleus of the improvement, circulated in close proximity a thin medium of animal matter, in the form of pigs, hogs, calves, cows and bullocks, a colt or two, and several cats, and a tawny dog, whose post, in moments of alarm, is under his master's bed, and whose duty is an endless barking after all danger has retired. Here the woods ring with the busy axe, and resound with the crash of falling trees, and wear a smoky look, and have the smell of smoke half the year.

In the lake, a deep water, and gloomy from the shades of the forest, was one small canoe. This was to be used by L—— and the guide, while I was to fish from the margin. There was luck for us, especially for me, that day; but luck of the dreadful sort. No sooner had I cast my false fly upon the face of the pond, than five hundred thousand real flies cast themselves upon me. In a little time these thousands increased to a swarm that was positively frightful. They roared like a wind, and enveloped me like a whirlwind. I gathered in my line, and, for a moment, gazed with mingled fear and wonder upon the thickening cloud of little furies, thirsty for my blood, and then fled with the speed of an Indian "through bush, through briar," yet so outrageously bitten, not only upon my face, neck and hands, but upon my legs and body, as to wear the marks for weeks afterwards. My retreat was the nutshell cabin of Rousell, where, amidst the live stock and bloody faced children, I waited my companion for two long hours, with a sharp headache for my solace. Though terribly stung, he came with trout enough to feel that he had achieved a triumph. It is needless to say that we drove home as soon as the pony could take us, and never dreamt of a like excursion.

As a kind of prelude to a story I will relate, let me give you some facts about the St. Lawrence seal and porpoise. The seal is the hair seal, the largest of which is as bulky as a bullock; and the porpoise, the white species, peculiar to our north-eastern waters. The skins of the seal, light gray, black, and spotted, are taken from the animal

with the fat or blubber, from one to three inches in thickness, attached to them. This is presently cut from the hide, when one goes to the caldron, and yields an excellent oil, and the other is salted for the tannery. From the porpoise, frequently 24 feet in length, the hide and blubber are also taken off at once, going in due time one to the oil cask and the other to the tannery. A large porpoise will weigh a ton, and yield 200 gallons of oil. The average is 125 gallons. By a late process of refining, at the manufactory of M. Charles H. Tétu, of Rivière Ouelle, this oil, as limpid as olive oil, is guaranteed to be superior to all other oil for lighting and for the uses of machinery. On account of its superior fluidity in the intense cold of the St. Lawrence winters, the exceeding brilliancy and whiteness of its blaze, and the almost entire absence of smoke in its burning, it is preferred in the lighthouses of that northern latitude, I am told, to the best sperm. The skins of the porpoise, soft and white as satin when in the water, are now tanned at the manufactories of M. Charles H. Tétu, of Rivière Ouelle, and M. Vital Tétu, of Quebec, in a manner that makes them rival the finest French calf. At the late World's Fair in London, these gentlemen, conspicuous in industrial matters in the Eastern Province, received a gold medal for specimens of their porpoise oil and leather.

The method of taking the seal and porpoise is the following: There is set a line of stakes, sometimes a mile or more in length, making with the shore, either of the mainland or of an island, an angle, say, like the letter V. Along this line of stakes is spread perpendicularly a net made of strong cord. At the apex of the net, or where it meets a short net extending from the shore far enough to give deep water, there is a gate, made of cord also, opening into a small field or pen, constructed like the long wing just described. It is easy to see how a school of seals or porpoises is guided through the gate and into the fatal enclosure. No sooner within, than the gate is shut. There they are, the monsters of the deep, at the mercy of the excited fishermen. The porpoise, the timidest of fishes, no sooner finds himself entrapped than he rushes into the sides of his prison, becomes entangled, cannot rise to spout or breathe, and so drowns. The seal meets a similar fate usually; when he persists in not hanging and drowning himself, he is chased and shot.

And now for the story, very nearly as it was related to us by Madame Felix Tétu, who was herself an eye-witness.

During the Christmas holidays, some twelve years ago, the St. Lawrence froze in a night, off against Trois Pistoles, to the width of six miles. In the morning, which was calm and bright, this extent of ice was seen to be spotted with hundreds of seals basking in the sunshine. As soon as the news could fly, people from all parts of the parish hastened to the prey. The seals nearest to the land were first killed, and drawn off bodily on sleds. Those further out were skinned on the spot where they were slaughtered. In the course of a few hours, the massacre of the poor creatures became general, and extended to the outer edge of the ice, heaps of reeking hides and blubber multiplying in every direction, pools and paths of blood all around, a field of carnage as shocking as it was novel. But the

wild excitement attending the killing of the seals was presently to be followed by an excitement of a different kind. It seems as if the genius of the deep, offended by the effusion of blood, silently determined to turn the sudden good fortune of the people of Notre Dame des Anges into a deadly snare. A southerly wind sprung up, which, working with the ebbing tide, broke the main field of ice from the shore, and floated it off into the stream. This was happily discovered in time to secure, though with the loss of large portions of their booty, the escape of all except a few parties of the more ardent and adventurous, who were too distant to be seasonably warned of their peril. When at length they became apprized of it, there was a half mile's space of blue water between them and the land. The distance was rapidly increasing, the wind freshening, the tide swift-ening, and the short December day speedily drawing to a close. At this crisis there was made evident an appalling fact—there was not a boat available along the shore, all were under cover at home. By no possibility could the ice stand the swell through the lengthy night. All were given up for lost. They gave themselves up to inevitable death, and lay down, several of them, in an agony of grief and terror, flat upon the bloody surface. There were forty men of them. Poor fellows! They went wandering, little parties of them, up and down the landward edge of their dreadful float, which seemed to be bearing them from their homes and families, who also were running back and forth and along the beach, shrieking and distracted at the horrible situation of friends whom the approaching darkness would shut from their view for ever. Heightening the solemnity and tenderness of this awful parting was the giving of absolution by the priests now to one company from the church, then to another from the chamber windows of M. Tétu's house; to another, from a point below. During these solemnities, all, both upon the ice and upon the shore, knelt or prostrated themselves, with their heads bare, and their hands stretched towards heaven, pouring forth floods of tears and volumes of cries and supplications. In the midst of this thrilling, painful scene, a bold fellow launched a little skiff, and darted over the roughening water to the rescue. With this frail bark, only capable of taking three or four at a time, he succeeded, almost miraculously under the circumstances, in landing every one of those forty men upon a rocky islet, past which they were drifting. The last one was taken off late at night, when the ice was in a state of rapid dissolution. From the crag upon which they were saved, they walked over solid ice to the mainland, and were received with frantic joy by crowds of friends, who regarded them as good as raised from the dead. In the morning there was not in sight a vestige of the field upon which the people had been so busy the day before. In remembrance of their happy deliverance, there was erected upon the rock of Rosade, the islet of their escape, a large cross with a memorial in French under a glass cover. This cross is visible from M. Tétu's residence, and stands to the parishioners of Notre Dame des Anges a silent witness of God's mercy in the hour of peril, and of his rebuke of the spirit that prompts men to rush thoughtlessly into danger for the sake of gain. Amid so much that was creditable to human nature, on that distressing occa-

sion, there occurred a transaction sufficiently diabolical for the fiends themselves. A little after dusk, there went off, from a remote nook, a couple of men in a bark canoe, and stole a load of hides and fat without being discovered until out of reach of their perishing neighbors, who by no threats or entreaties, could persuade them to return. That they were afterwards suffered to live in the country is a comment on the exceeding amiability of the French Canadian.

L. L. N.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE WASHINGTON EXHIBITION.

THE Washington Exhibition, just opened on Broadway, is an enterprise nobly named and nobly planned. It is to be regretted that the original intention of first opening it to the public on the twenty-second of February should have been found impracticable, as that day would have been admirably in keeping with the undertaking. The invitations to the private view, an excellently managed affair, in which the ladies were very happily participants, were, however, dated on that day, which was a kind of constructive birthday inauguration.

The Washington Exhibition contains a larger number of pictures of our great chief than have ever been collected together before. We have him first in the original canvases of Stuart and Pine, in marble from the chisel of Powers, and in several of Leutze's master-pieces. This grouping is a happy one, for it connects in our minds the idea of patriotism and the arts. We see that the picture gives us a more life-like embodiment than the printed page, that the painter is a chronicler as well as the historian, and that the bright touches of the brush can rouse our patriotic enthusiasm as well as the ringing measure of the epic or the song. It is well to have this again and again impressed upon us that when we rouse ourselves, if we ever do to the commemoration of departed greatness, we may invoke aid beyond that of the stone-mason—and give the statue or even the bust and the picture some chance alongside of the plain and prosaic obelisk which seems at present our monumental delight.

The Washington pictures are, however, but a small portion of the treasures of this collection. We have original portraits of the heroes and statesmen of the Revolution from Copley and Stuart, among them one of John Adams. Beside it hangs a head of his daughter, also by Copley. It is a curious and pleasant study to see how the features of the sire are softened down in those of the daughter and yet how identical both are in outline and almost in expression. It is a sweet face that of the latter, with an old time repose about it, harmonizing well with the plain, prim, yet not unpicturesque attire of the youthful prime of our grandmothers.

The reception of the news of the Battle of Lexington should be mentioned in connexion with the period of which it treats, though it is fresh from Leutze and Dusseldorf. It is very spirited; but the ancient dame who is stopping her ears in dismay at the sound of cannon, is a trifle too theatrical. The matrons of younger growth, clustered with their children, and peering from the brow of the hill, are extremely beautiful. Their costume is somewhat too rich, but we may fancy them to have been roused from a

ten-party at that farm-house on one side, which looks so snug and comfortable in the warm light of the setting sun, and suggestive of boundless hospitality and good cheer.

Among the foreign pictures is one by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is a boy writing, and has the depth, warmth, and absence of studied effect of the masters of earlier date and greater fame than Sir Joshua.

Leslie's Anne Page and Slender, which recently passed from the famous collection of the late Philip Hone to one of still greater excellence, has been very appropriately sent to grace the walls of the Art-Union, for to that institution it owes a wide extension of its fame by the choice engraving distributed in 1852. Near it and from the same collection, that of Mr. John Wolfe, is a choice picture by Hasenclever—so well known to visitors at the Dusseldorf Gallery by his vivid pictures of the academic career of Mr. Jobs. We know not whether the scholastic monopolizes his pencil; but this, his more recent work, is on the same theme. It is, however, a humbler scene than the council board of the Faculty; it is at the bottom instead of the topmost rung of the ladder of learning, to the village school instead of the university, that we are introduced.

The schoolmaster has both hands full, for one holds in a firm clutch no inconsiderable portion of nether integuments, including, doubtless, those furnished by nature as well as others superadded by decency and the tailor to the unfortunate urchin who is about to feel the full force of the long rod grasped by the other five fingers of the pedagogue, when the descent is arrested by the entrance, sadly inopportune, of a new scholar. His shining morning face has a cloud over it and we may trace something rueful also in the honest features of the old farmer who appears as "parent or guardian." In the latter it is, however, mingled with that respectful wonderment often seen on the faces of the ignorant in presence of the majesty of learning. The dry old pedagogue seems a little taken aback (as well as the youth administered upon) by the new comer, and has it humorously depicted on his rugged features. Back of the master and leaning against the desk, vacated while the legislative gives place to the executive, is a small boy, whose countenance, even if turned to us, would be hidden by the knuckles screwed into his eyes, so that we lose the less by having a back view of him. His attitude, the position of his elbows, to say nothing of the disordered state of his attire below his waistband, show that he is crying, and not without good cause. Undeterred by these signal examples of direful retribution, however, a mischievous urchin is gratifying a taste for caricature on the black-board, and two little boys pummeling one another with the rays of the warm sunlight pouring in full upon them. It is a picture full of humor and with much of the grace and beauty of the great master of village school life, Mulready.

A MacIse must rank among the notabilities of the exhibition, though it is a "bad eminence" for the picture, which might otherwise pass unnoticed in a low range of the mediocrities. It represents a cavalier who having ascended an arch, by means of a rope ladder, sits on the top of it in a very precarious and uncomfortable manner, strumming his guitar and making faces over it at his lady love, who is standing in a balcony with a confidante beside her, and does not seem

very much impressed by the strains and grimaces of the musician. The lover has his backer also, who does not appear to be of any special aid except in the face-making department, in which he does wonders. The picture is hard in drawing and glaring in color, as well as villainous in taste,—faults which few of Mr. MacIse's pictures are free from.

American artists are well represented. We have Cole's "Course of Empire," and some of his choice Italian landscapes; Gignoux's "Four Seasons," every one of them warm in genial sunshine; several choice works by Durand, Church, Cropsey and Kensett. In another department of art are found several early pictures by Mount, when he first opened that famous barn-door of his, and his color and humor were both stronger than he sees fit to make them now-a-days; some of Edmond's best pieces of delicate humor, Woodville's and Weir's elaborately beautiful cabinet pictures, Huntington's benevolent heads, Rothermel's spirited historical scenes, and other choice works adorn the walls.

Thus much, for the present, of this exhibition, which, in every way, should receive the warm support of the public. It is understood to be the idea of the president of the Art Union, though it has no connexion with that institution beyond the use of its rooms, and its originator certainly deserves much credit for the happy manner in which it has been carried out. The profits are to be given to the city gallery, known as the Reed Gallery, and will, we trust, be sufficient to add some valuable works to that collection.

MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

— In an article in the new number of *Putnam's Monthly*, a frequent and highly valued contributor to our own columns, R. T., discusses in a very pleasant style the conversational question, "Are we a good-looking people?" The answer is sufficiently complimentary to the American's proverbially good opinion of himself. We take a point or two:—

DANIEL WEBSTER.

"The shade of Daniel Webster rises high among us in our Senate and tribunals, and in the assemblages of the people; solemn and portentous; with the serious aspect of the anxious patriot; the brow brooding with thought; the eye looking steadily into the darkness of futurity; the lips closing, upon their last words of eloquent utterance, in fixed resolve; a dark cloud gathering upon the manly face and presaging fate; and he passes away in the gloom of death. There never was a more noble-looking man than Daniel Webster, and it has been truly said that in appearance he was the ideal of a great statesman."

BROADWAY.

"Our crowds and public gatherings, our thronged streets show the best-looking aggregate of humanity, male and female, in the world. Walk up and down Broadway. Are there such becoming crowds on the Parisian Boulevards, or in the London parks? Such streams of life, glowing with beauty and glistening with bright eyes, and flowing on like a glad river sparkling in the sun. Was there ever such a holiday people? They are working men all, it is true, as most Americans are, with their wives and daughters, but there is none of the Pariah look about them, nor are they to be stared out of countenance by the impertinence of the old world's bloated importance. The men have certainly an unquiet look, but it is the eager intelligence of enterprise, full of hope; not the sodden, worn,

careful face born of discontent with the present, and uncertainty about the future."

AMERICAN INFLUENCES.

"Americans being a race made up of every variety of people, their style is necessarily of the composite order. But whatever their origin, they all have specific American characteristics. The very foreigners are hardly landed, before they are melted up and turned out of the American mould, very passable specimens of Yankees. The fat Englishman is melted down and reduced into working shape; the light Frenchman acquires substance; the heavy German is lightened up; the wild Irishman is made tractable; the slumbering Spaniard opens his eyes and stirs his stumps."

AN AMERICAN COMPLEXION.

"There is, however, a style of complexion in America which is never seen in England, and which we admire highly; it is a mixture of the *brune* and *blonde*, a compromise between the oriental olive and the English red; it may be compared to a rose blooming through the misty vapor of early morn; it is like a ripe peach, with its golden tint spread over the roseate hue beneath; it is the dark Spanish beauty, brightened up by the wholesome blood of England. The pale, olive complexion of America is supposed by the English to be the evidence of ill-health. English travellers used to affect to believe, that every second American was a dyspeptic, and the rest far gone into a decline. But this peculiarly American complexion not seldom lasts from childhood to threescore and ten, and shows itself everywhere where enterprise and labor are busy in doing their manful part."

—A monumental group executed at Rome by Steinhauser, in accordance with the will of the late Edward Shippen Burd, of Philadelphia, to commemorate the virtues and religious characters of his children, has been erected in the chapel recently added to St. Stephen's Church in that city. The chapel is 14 feet by 12, and 21 feet high, the interior being lined with white marble. It is lit from the top by a glass dome throwing a calm, religious light that adds to the beauty of the group. It consists of three graceful figures of almost life-size, placed at the foot of a Maltese cross, in recumbent and semi-recumbent attitudes of ease, grace and nature. On the knee of the centre figure is the open bible, and on each face is an expression of resignation, faith and joy, indicating the putting on of immortality. At the back of the group stands an angel bending over them, while in his hand is the trumpet with which it may be supposed the dead have been awakened. The monument is probably the most finished and truly beautiful specimen of sculpture in the Union.

—In the following card Mr. Sargent takes leave of a position which he has occupied several years with honor and ability:—

"With the issue of the 21st ult., the undersigned was obliged, by his literary and other engagements, to vacate the editorial chair of the *Transcript*. He hopes, however, still to hold frequent communications, through its columns, with the public.

"With sincere acknowledgments for the indulgence he has experienced from the many friends and supporters of this journal, and with assurances of lasting sympathy and regard to his brethren of the Press, with all of whom he has the happiness to preserve the most friendly relations, he now respectfully takes his leave. His successor, Daniel N. Haskell, Esq., will henceforth be associated, in the conduct of the paper, with Henry W. Dutton, Esq., the publisher and proprietor, to whose active co-operation the editorial columns have always been largely indebted for much of their variety.

"Mr. Haskell has for several years been a liberal contributor to the *Transcript*, and

his ample qualifications are well known to many of its readers.

"EPES SARGENT."

—Mr. MACREADY has sustained still another domestic affliction. His son, Walter Francis Shiel, aged twelve years, died at Sherborne House on the 8th of February. Mr. Macready has, we believe, six children yet living, the eldest of whom—a son—is about twenty-two years of age. Mr. M.'s residence is a beautiful country seat in Sherborne, about a hundred and twenty miles from London, where he devotes his time to literary pursuits and the education of his children. A paragraph from an English paper gives us a glimpse of the intellectual and moral cultivation going on in some of these quiet provincial towns:—

SHERBORNE LITERARY INSTITUTION.—The Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne honored the members of the Sherborne Literary Society, on Tuesday night, by delivering to them a lecture, in the Town-hall. A large and fashionable audience assembled in spite of an extremely unfavorable evening, and we observed ladies and gentlemen of Yeovil, Rimpton, Milborne, and other surrounding places present. The title of the lecture was, "Man Amongst Us." The hon. and rev. gentleman took a bold, instant, and comprehensive grasp of his subject, and immediately enlisted the attention of his audience by vividly depicting a wretched outcast, whom he had turned up in a visit to a low lodging-house in Glasgow. He set him before his hearers as, though steeped in vice and infamy, still "A Man Amongst Us;" and having laid his subject on the lecture table, proceeded to dissect him with the skill of a finished anatomist, tracing his circulatory system, his muscles, his nerves, and expatiating on the intellectual capabilities of mankind in general. Of the remainder of the lecture, we can only briefly say that it was an eloquent exposition of the literary tendencies of the age; that, throughout the whole period of the lecture, an unflagging attention was bestowed upon it; and that, at its close, the cheering was loud and hearty. Mr. Robert Willmott (in the absence of Mr. Macready, owing to his recent bereavement), discharged the duties of the chair with much propriety.

—In the last number of *Hunt's Magazine*, we find the history of a book, by a gentleman, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, for a happy talent, as well in the region of fact as in that of fiction and poetry. We fancy that, if the autobiography of books could be fully written, it would disclose many a curious secret.

"The book before us (Partnership 'en Commandite,' or Partnership with Limited Liabilities, for the employment of Capital, the Circulation of Wages, and the Revival of our Home and Colonial Trade. 8vo., pp. 250. London: E. Wilson), as we have learned, was written in a peculiar manner. Mr. Thomas Wilson (an Englishman who had realized a large fortune as the partner of the late king of Holland, in the cotton works at Brussels and the linen factory at Liege,) came to London, immediately after the revolution in 1848, and, holding a few shares in a joint stock company, was made to feel, as a rich and solvent man, that he was liable for the debts of the concern, not only to the extent of his shares, but to the full amount of his whole property. He backed out of the co-partnership with a loss, and looked about for a literary man capable of writing a book against the system by which he (Mr. Wilson) had suffered, and in support of the special partnership by which he had made his fortune. He met Dr. Shelton Mackenzie (well known in this country as the former correspondent of

Major Noah's *Evening Star*), and that gentleman wrote the book in question in six weeks. We believe it was put to press chapter after chapter as it was written. There is no appearance of haste about it. There is a vast quantity of commercial, legal, statistical, and general information, clearly and sometimes eloquently written."

—Another anecdote of the great painter: "Turner's fine work, 'England and Wales,' was to have consisted of thirty parts or more, but stopped short at the twenty-fourth, for want of sufficient encouragement. Having been undertaken on joint account between the engraver, Mr. Charles Heath, and his publishers, it became desirable on the abrupt termination of the work in 1838, to sell off the stock and copper plates and balance the accounts. The whole property was offered to the publisher of the present volume (Mr. Bohn) for £3,000, and he offered within £200 of the amount, which, being declined, it was placed in the hands of Messrs. Southgate and Co., for sale by auction. After extensive advertising, the day and hour of sale had arrived, when, just at the moment the auctioneer was about to mount his rostrum, Mr. Turner stepped in, and bought it privately, at the reserved price of £3,000, much to the vexation of many who had come prepared to buy portions of it. Immediately after the purchase, Mr. Turner walked up to Mr. Bohn, with whom he was very well acquainted, and said to him, 'So, sir, you were going to buy my England and Wales, to sell cheap, I suppose—make umbrella prints of them, eh?—but I have taken care of that. No more of my plates shall be worn to shadows.' Upon Mr. Bohn's replying that his object was the printed stock, which was very large, rather than the copper plates, he said, 'O! very well, I don't want the stock, I only want to keep the coppers out of your clutches. So, if you like to buy the stock, come and breakfast with me to-morrow, and we will see if we can deal.' At nine the next morning Mr. Bohn presented himself, according to appointment, and after a few minutes Mr. Turner made his appearance, and forgetting all about the breakfast, said, 'Well, sir, what have you to say?' 'I come to treat with you for the stock of your England and Wales,' was the reply. 'Well! what will you give?' Mr. Bohn told him, 'that in the course of the negotiation, the coppers and copyright had been estimated by the proprietors at £500, and therefore he would deduct that sum, and the balance, £2,500, should be handed to him immediately.' 'Pooh! I must have £3,000 and keep my coppers:—else good morning to you.' As this was not very likely after having refused both stock and coppers at £3,000, 'Good morning,' was the reply, and so they parted. The stock, or the greater portion of it, is still lying in Queen Ann-street, of course not improved by keeping, and having, in the course of fourteen years which have since elapsed, swallowed up another £3,000, reckoning compound interest at five per cent per annum."

—The board of trustees of the United Franklin and Marshall College, in Lancaster, Penn., have offered the chair of history, German literature, and aesthetics, to Professor Adolphus L. Koeppen.

—Mrs. Moodie, the author of the book of Canadian life, "Roughing it in the Bush," has published a novel, written in the province, entitled "Mark Hurdlestone." In a preliminary preface there is a sketch of the state of literature, books and magazines, across the St. Lawrence, which may throw some light on the recently revived copyright discussion:

"Since 1832, the colony has made rapid strides in moral and intellectual improvement. It is

really wonderful to remark the great change which a few years under a more liberal government has effected in the condition of the people. Education was then confined to a very few; it is now diffused through the length and breadth of the land. Every large town has its college and grammar-school, and free schools abound in every district. The poorest child may be taught to read and write at the public expense. His parents have only to wash his hands and face, and send him to school; and the eagerness with which the poorer class seize every opportunity of improving their mental powers, in the hope of raising themselves to an equality with their wealthier neighbors, will soon place this great and rising country on an equal footing with the mighty republic, whose gigantic strides to political and commercial importance may perhaps be traced to the education of her people.

"There is now no lack of books in Canada, of money to purchase them, and persons to read and understand them. The reading class is no longer confined to the independent and wealthy; mechanics and artisans are all readers when they have time to spare; and the cheap American reprints of the best European works enable them to gratify their taste, without drawing very largely upon their purse.

"The traffic in books from the United States employs a great many young men, who travel through the country, selling and taking up subscriptions for new works; and the astonishingly low price at which they can be obtained is an incalculable benefit to the colony, however it may interfere with the rights of European publishers.

"Of books published in the colony, we have very few indeed; and those which have been issued from the Canadian press have generally been got out, either by subscription, or at the expense of the author. It is almost impossible for any work published in Canada to remunerate the bookseller, while the United States can produce reprints of the works of the first writers in the world at a quarter the expense. The same may be said of the different magazines which have been published in the colony."

Mrs. Moodie's history of the periodicals in Canada is melancholy:—

"Shortly after we came to Canada, a magazine was started in Toronto, called the 'Canadian Literary Magazine,' edited by Mr. Kent, a gentleman of considerable talent; and his list of contributors embraced some of the cleverest men in the colony. This periodical, though a very fair specimen of that species of literature, and under the immediate patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Colborne, only reached its third number, and died for want of support.

"Another monthly, bearing the same title, minus the 'Literary,' was issued the same year; but being inferior in every respect to its predecessor, it never reached a third number.

"A long time elapsed between the disappearance of these unfortunate attempts at a national periodical and the appearance of the 'Montreal Literary Garland,' which was published at the most exciting period of Canadian history, on the eve of her memorable rebellion, which proved so fatal to its instigators, and of such incalculable benefit to the Colony.

"For twelve years the 'Literary Garland' obtained a wide circulation in the Colony, and might still have continued to support its character as a popular monthly periodical, had it not been done to death by 'Harper's Magazine' and the 'International.'

"These American monthlies, got up in the first style, handsomely illustrated, and composed of the best articles selected from European and American magazines, are sold at such a low rate, that one or the other is to be found in almost every decent house in the province. It was utterly impossible for a colonial magazine to compete with them; for, like the boy mentioned by St.

Pierre, they enjoyed the advantage of *stealing the brooms ready made.*

"It is greatly to the credit of the country that for so many years she supported a publication like the 'Garland,' and much to be regretted that a truly Canadian publication should be put to silence by a host of foreign magazines, which were by no means superior in literary merit. The 'Literary Garland' languished during the years 1850 and 1851, and finally expired in the December of the latter."

—An after dinner revelation for the "Coleridgeans," from a late number of *Notes and Queries*. A correspondent has enquired who was a noted English improvisatore referred to by Coleridge. This is the answer:

"The noted English wit was probably Theodore Hook, whose wonderful talent for extemporaneous versification was perhaps never more strikingly displayed than on a certain night at a gay bachelor's party at Highgate, when Coleridge himself formed the subject of his song. After a 'very wet evening,' punch had been introduced at the suggestion of Coleridge, when Hook, sitting down to the piano, burst into a bacchanal of egregious luxury, every line of which had reference to the author of *Lay Sermons* and the *Aids to Reflection*. The room was becoming excessively hot: the first specimen of the new compound was handed to Hook, who paused to quaff it, and then, exclaiming that he was stifled, flung his glass through the window. Coleridge rose with the aspect of a benignant patriarch, and demolished another pane; the example was followed generally; the window was a wreck in an instant: the kind host was farthest from the mark, and his goblet made havoc of the chandelier. The roar of laughter was drowned in Theodore's resumption of the song; and window, and chandelier, and the peculiar shot of each individual destroyer had apt, in many cases exquisitely witty, commemoration. With the remembrance of this, and many similar displays of Theodore Hook's powers before him, Coleridge would doubtless refer to that 'noted English wit' in the passage quoted by A. A. D. CUTHBERT BEDE."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 Nassau street, N. Y., has in press "The Quod Correspondence; or, The Attorney," originally published in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," and afterwards in book form. It is a story of great interest, the scene of which is laid in New York city.—The new edition will be revised by the author, and illustrated by one of our best artists. If we remember rightly, this work is written by John T. Irving, Esq., a nephew of Washington Irving.

We desire to call attention to the advertisement of the "Knickerbocker Magazine," in another column. The trade in distant places can order the Magazine by mail at an expense of only two cents per number, by paying three months in advance at the post office it is sent to. We should think this a great convenience to the country booksellers and agents, as the expense is less to many points than the express charges.

We extract from the last No. of the *London Publishers' Circular*. It says:—

"Mrs. Percy Sinnett has a translation, nearly ready, of M. Rochau's 'Wanderings through the principal Cities of Italy in 1850-51';—Col. Arthur Cunyngame, his *Recollections of Service in China, residence in Hong-Kong, and visits to other islands in the Chinese Seas*;—Earl Grey, a work, in 2 vols. 8vo., on the Colonial Policy of the British Empire from 1846 to 1852;—and Horace St. John, the *History and Present State of the Indian Archipelago*.

"Hans Christian Andersen's new work will appear in a few days, in one volume, under the

title of 'A Poet's Day Dreams.'—Mr. Samuel Warren's *Lecture on the Moral and Intellectual Developments of the Present Age*, delivered at Hull during Christmas, is now issued in a neat volume. Mr. Disraeli's 'Venetia' has been republished this week in the cheap series known as the 'Parlour Library.'

"Cheap editions of Miss Warner's popular and characteristic American Tale are making their appearance in all directions, outlying one another in price and appearance, but entirely regardless of the interests of the author, or those with whom she had entered into arrangements.—Miss Warner's sister's work, 'Dollars and Cents,' is also attracting the same unenviable competition, appearing under three or four different titles, and more than once advertised as by the author of 'The Wide, Wide World.'

"Two new and interesting records of Arctic adventure and investigation are added to the literary stores of such works: one, the Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Herald, under the command of Capt. Kellett, by the Naturalist of the Expedition, Berthold Seemann, F.L.S.; the other, a Narrative of the Second Voyage of the Prince Albert, by William Kennedy, commanding officer.—One of the first Narratives of the New Canterbury Settlement has just appeared, by Mr. G. Warren Adams, as 'A Spring in the Canterbury Settlement.'—The Private Journal of the late F. S. Larpent, Esq., Judge Advocate General attached to the headquarters of Lord Wellington during the Peninsular war, from 1812 to its close, is nearly ready for publication, under the editorship of Sir George Larpent, with illustrations.

Mr. Murray has, amongst other works in the press, 'The Speeches in Parliament of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, arranged with the Duke's permission, by the late Colonel Gurwood';—Messrs. Rivington, an important Ecclesiastical work, under the editorship of Dr. Wordsworth, 'The History of the Church of Rome in the Early Part of the Third Century, from the newly discovered Philosophumena, with a Dissertation, Translation, and Notes';—Messrs. Blackwood, a volume of Byzantium History, from 716 to 1057, by Mr. George Finlay;—and Mr. Bosworth another attempt to enlighten the world on the authorship of Junius's Letters, entitled 'The Ghost of Junius,' by Francis Ayres.

"The heroic and manly character of the late Duke forms the subject-matter of many new works.—History and Biography, Anecdote and Romance, Eulogy and Elegy, appearing in every variety, and constituting a 'Wellington Literature.' The 2d Volume of Mr. Stoecker's *Life of the Duke* completes the work, and is perhaps the best for the price, combining literary and artistic merit.—The *Life*, by an Old Soldier; Cooke's *Story of Life, Battles, and Career*; The *Life*, by James Ward; The *People's Life*; Sir F. H. Doyle's Poem, 'The Funeral'; Mr. Bennett's 'Death March,' a Poem; Mr. Kelly's *Life, for Boys*; The *Patriot Hero*, for readers of all ages, with its beautiful frontispiece of the good old Duke with the Royal Children; Dr. Cumming's, Dr. Emerton's, Rev. H. Maude's, Mr. Manly's, and other orators' *Lectures and Sermons*—not omitting the eleventh edition of Booth's illustrated *History of the Battles Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo*,—all these, and many more, have their several and distinctive merits."

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